

# The Goldsboro Star.

"Hear Instruction and be Wise, and Refuse it Not."

VOL. I.

GOLDSBORO, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1881.

NO. 11.

Entered at the Postoffice at Goldsboro, N. C., as Second-class Matter.

All communications on business should be addressed to GEO. T. WASSON, Editor and Proprietor, Goldsboro, N. C.

## CHILDREN'S SMART SAYINGS.

"What will you do when I am dead?" asked a mother fondly to her little girl. "Eat up all the sugar," was the reply.

To a little girl whose mother is deaf: Auntie.—"Why, Edith! just look at your apron, it is all torn and dirty—what will mamma say?"

Niece.—"Oh, she won't know the difference; she's terribly deaf."

When one of the older children of my friend was saying her evening prayer, and said "Give us this day our daily bread," her little four-year-old sister whispered in her ear, "Say butter, too, Taty."

Small boy in Sunday-school, the class having been instructed in regard to cleanliness:

Teacher.—"How should we keep the Sabbath-day?"

"Clean!" said a little seven-year old, thereby preaching a whole sermon.

A youngster once said, "Mamma, what did you marry father for? Why didn't you wait till I got to be a man and marry me?"

Said a little child: "Mamma, I wish I was dead, so I could see the bones in my body."

Teacher.—"Why did Eve eat the apple?"

Child.—"To make her fat."

"Mabel, I think it is about time I began to brush your teeth," said a mother to her three-year-old, whose sole previous experience had been limited to a hair-brush, and was almost thunder-struck at hearing the following interrogatory comment on her intention: "Is there any hair on them?"

My little boy, aged four years, looking at the bay one day, said: "Mamma, where does the water come from?" I answered, "From the ocean." "Well, and where does the ocean come from?" Not wishing to enter into minute explanations, I answered, "God made the ocean." After a thoughtful pause, he said, "Well, who turned the faucet?"

Seeing a very red-faced gentleman, a little girl said: "Would Mr. S. blush if I put on my stockings before him?" Receiving an affirmative answer, she said: "How can you tell? he's red now."

Charlie and little brothers were seated around a Thanksgiving dinner, and in the course of the meal began to quarrel about who should have the wish-bone of the turkey.

Charlie.—I want the wish-bone, mamma!

Mamma.—Never mind, Charlie, let the little ones have it this time; you can have the next one.

Charlie (sullenly).—I don't care, I'm going to have mamma's wish-bone when she dies.

## Car Sickness.

A simple cure is recommended for this trying malady, which is as hard to endure as sea-sickness, and attended with even more inconvenience. Ladies generally suffer most from this nausea. Money by rail has for them all the effort and suffering that an ocean voyage has to the majority of travelers. Any body who had occasion to take a short trip on the Lowell road—and she never travels by rail for pleasure—was, as is usual with her, as thoroughly sick as a landsman is on the "heaving" of the time she had ridden a few miles. The conductor of the palatial car, who was apparently familiar with such cases, told the sufferer's companion that a sheet of writing-paper, worn next to the person, directly over the chest, was a sure preventive of the trouble in nine cases out of ten. He had recommended it to hundreds of travellers, and never knew it to fail. The lady was skeptical, but thought there would be no harm in trying so perfectly simple a remedy. For the return trip a sheet of common writing note paper was fastened inside the clothing as directed. Result: a perfectly comfortable journey, without a hint of the old sickness that had for years made travel by rail a horror. It was so like a superstition or a happy accident, however, that the lady would not accept it as real until subjected to a more severe test. This came in a day journey to New York, and that hardest of all—a night trip in an "alleged" sleeping-car. Both were taken in triumph. The "charm" worked. The cure was simply wonderful—almost too good to be true.

## An Old Norwegian Town.

Stavanger is one of the most ancient towns in Norway. It looks as if it were one of the most ancient in the world; its very brightness, with its faded red houses, open windows and rugged pavements, being like the color and smile one sees sometimes on a cheerful, wrinkled old face. The houses are packed close together, going up-hill as hard as they can; roofs red tiled; gable ends red tiled, also, which gives a droll eyebrow effect to the ends of the houses, and helps wonderfully to show off pretty faces beneath them, looking out of windows. All the windows open in the middle, outwards, like shutters; and it would not be much risk to say that there is not a window-sill in all Stavanger without flowers. Certainly, we did not see one in a three hours' ramble. From an old watch-tower, which stands on the top of the first sharp hill above the harbor, is a sweeping outlook, seaward and coastward, to north and south; long promontories, green and curving, with low red roofs here and there, shot up into relief by the sharp contrast of color; bays of blue water breaking in between; distant ranges of mountains glittering white; thousands of islands in sight at once. Stavanger's approach strikes Norway's key-note with a bold hand, and old Norway and new Norway meet in Stavanger's market-place. An old cathedral, the oldest but one in the country, looks down a little inner harbor, where lie sloops loaded with gay pottery of shapes and colors copied from the latest patterns out in Staffordshire. These are made by peasants many miles away, on the shores of the fjords; bowls, jars, flower-pots, jugs and plates, brown, cream-colored, red and white; painted with flowers and decorated with Grecian and Etruscan patterns in simple lines. The sloop decks are piled high with them—a gay show and an odd enough freight to be at sea in a storm. The sailors' heads bob up and down among the pots and pans, and the salesman sits flat on the deck, lost from view, until a purchaser appears. Miraculously cheap this pottery is, as well as fantastic of shape and color: one could fit out his table, off one of these crockery sloops, for next to nothing. Along the wharves were market-stands of all sorts; old woman selling fuchsias, myrtles, carrots and cabbages and blueberries, all together; piles of wooden shoes, too—clumsy things, hollowed out of a single chunk of wood, shaped like a Chinese junk keel, and coarsely daubed with black paint on the outside; no heel to hold them on, and but little toe. The racket made by shuffling along on pavements in them is amazing, and "down at the heel" becomes a phase of new significance, after one has heard the thing done in Norway.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## General Butler's Lost Dog.

A famous Washington dog-catcher said to a *Republican* reporter: There's more romance about my business than you think. I could tell you a story about Ben Butler's dog, Tiger, that would open your eyes. Perhaps you won't believe it, but it's so, every word of it. I told you a while ago that I thought \$50 was a big reward for finding a dog. It cost \$25,000 to look for Ben Butler's dog, and yet Tiger has never been found. The case was this way: Some five or six years ago Butler had a very fine Siberian bloodhound that he prized very highly, and which had been given to him by a Boston friend. One day the dog was missing, and Mr. Butler was very angry. He advertised extensively for Tiger, but for many days he could hear nothing from his favorite. At length the dog was brought home by a pale young man, and Mr. Butler willingly paid him five dollars as a reward. Soon afterward Tiger was again missing, and the same agony was suffered by Mr. Butler. Again the same young man returned the dog, and Mr. Butler again shelled out a V. But this time he tied up the dog and ordered his man to keep an extra watch on his kennel. In three weeks that dog was again missing, and no search what could be made turned him up. "Tiger" had the young man, "Tiger" found him hunted up, and "Tiger" accused him of having stolen him. The charge could not be proven, however, and then detectives were put to work on the case. They soon reported that the dog had left the city. Mr. Butler, visiting the treasury department, had a talk with Mr. Whitney, who put several members of the secret service on the track of that dog. First they got a clew of Tiger away up somewhere in New York State. Then they heard from him in Portland, Me., and again in Indianapolis, Ind. They visited many cities, and the public thought they were looking for counterfeiters and bogus plates. They were in reality after Butler's dog. But after a search of nearly a year they gave up the chase, and Tiger has never to this day been heard from.

The cord and the tassel gains slowly on the ribbon bow as a trimming.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF US.

What Bull Run Russell Thinks of the United States Now.

While the welfare and prosperity of this republic do not, in any manner, depend upon what our English cousins think of us, yet we never object at all to hearing them express their opinions, and we can take them for what they are worth. Dr. William H. Russell, the English correspondent, (better known in this country as "Bull Run" Russell from his remarkable departure from the scene and description of that battle,) having finished his tour of the United States with the Duke of Sutherland and his party, has now given expression to his views upon some of the things he has seen, and they are not uninteresting reading. He pats Americans on the back a trifle, or rather, gives them a back-handed compliment by saying that they have improved greatly. "Their traditional inquisitiveness," he says, "either never existed or it has disappeared, and I have seen no evidence of the self-assertive manner that was once attributed to Americans. No one shows an impertinent curiosity as to your business, who you are or whence you come. I find no offensive self-assertion among the American people now, whatever may have been the case years ago." In addition to this Dr. Russell said: "Where you can't raise wheat you raise gold, and where you can't raise gold you raise lead, and where you can't raise lead you raise silver. It's something everywhere—a country of wonderful resources. Of course, border life was expected to be a little strange and rude; and when people asked where Sutherland was, or crowded to see the Duke, it was all accepted as a part of the play. But when you come, as you will by-and-by, in the great West, to separate the vice and the crime from the industry and steadiness and to settle into a crystalline, social body, it will be a great country, with a great future before it. It did seem a little unusual, however, that every spot in the West the party visited should possess some legend of how some person was shot. But these things, I suppose, are inseparable elements of life on the border, and as the civilization of the East pushes westward, further and further, they will disappear." Dr. Russell does not tell us anything striking that we did not know before, but he seems to have learned a lesson from Dickens, and to have resolved not to say anything about this great land of ours and its inhabitants, which in after years he would be compelled to ask our pardon for.

## WORDS OF WISDOM.

No man is so wise that he may not err.

No ashes are lighter than incense, and few things burn out sooner.

Faith and hope themselves shall die, while deathless charity remains.

There are as many wretched rich men, in proportion, as there are wretched poor men.

Men may say of marriage and women what they please, they will renounce neither the one nor the other.

We censure the inconstancy of women when we are the victims. We find it charming when we are the objects.

There is no greater fool than he who thinks himself wise; no one wiser than he who suspects he is a fool.

Every man has three characters; that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

We are always more disposed to laugh at nonsense than at genuine wit; because the nonsense is more agreeable to us, being more conformable to our own natures; fools love folly and wise men wisdom.

No life is wasted unless it ends in sloth, dishonesty and cowardice. No success is worthy of the name unless it is won by honest industry and brave breasting of the waves of fortune.

There is great difference between the two temporal blessings, health and wealth; wealth is most envied, but least enjoyed; health is frequently enjoyed, but the least envied; and the superiority of the latter is still more obvious that the poorest man would not part with his health for money, but the richest would gladly part with his money for health.

When a man thinks nobody cares for him, and he is alone in a cold and selfish world, he would do well to ask himself this question: "What have I done to make anybody care for and love me, and to warm the world with faith and generosity?" It is generally the case that those who complain the most have done the least.

Don't cook chickens in a brass kettle unless you want to get poisoned. That's what they did in Decatur, Ga., and thirty-five people came near dying.

## A Glimpse of Mecca.

The town lies in a basin among steep hills of from five hundred to seven hundred feet in height and probably not more than one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred above the sea. The whole of this valley—about one mile and a-half long by one-third of a mile across—is packed and crammed with buildings of all shapes and sizes, placed in no kind of order, climbing far up the steep sides of the surrounding hills, with here and there an outlying house on the summit of some rock, looking as though crowded out and waiting for a chance to squeeze into the confusion below; a curious gray mass, flat-topped, to a European eye roofless, half-plastered, for plaster in this climate is always either being put on or well advanced in coming off, but never to be seen in its entirety.

The walls of the houses are composed of uncut stone and rubble from three to six feet thick, in very high buildings even thicker. Cut stone is used only for the sills of windows or jambs and arches of doorways, and very little brick is employed anywhere. Notwithstanding the substantial thickness of the walls, tottering ruins may be found by the side of the most thronged thoroughfares in every part of the city. Many of the houses are of great height, large and factory-like, full of little windows. Seldom two adjacent houses face the same way or are the same height. Nothing resembling a row or street could be any stretch of imagination be extricated from such a chaos of masonry. It is impossible, even from an elevated point of view, to trace a hundred yards of open space between houses in any direction (many of the passages are boarded over, which to a certain extent conceals them), except on the outskirts of the town, where two or three suburbs straggle off up the less inclined outlets from the valley, and where the ground is not so thickly built over, though with the same systematic irregularity.

The rule seems to be that no two things must be alike, an Eastern characteristic developed into a fixed law of non-uniformity in everything about Mecca, a town which, built as it is of the crumbling rock about, made to adhere with thirty per cent. of coarse lime, together with the dusky crowds creeping in swarms about its dark lanes and streets, if such mere tortuous intricacies can be called so, suggests the smile of the giant ant hill most strikingly, and indeed it applies better than any other description. There is a great sameness about all this detailed dissimilarity, from the midst of which the harem stands out most prominently, at once fixing the attention, and indeed it is the main feature of Mecca. It is a large and quadrangular open space, its longest direction, northeast by east and southwest by west, inclosed within four arched colonnades or arcades, one hundred and ninety yards on the longest sides by one hundred and twenty-seven yards on the shortest, close up to which, except on the east side, where it is bounded by a street skirting the hall of the harem.

## The Spider's Intelligence.

If you anchor a pole in a body of water and put a spider upon it, he will exhibit marvelous intelligence by his plans to escape. At first he will spin a web several inches long and hang to one end while he allows the other to float off in the wind, in the hope that it will strike some object. Of course this plan proves a failure, but the spider is not discouraged. He waits until the wind changes, another direction. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts, until all the points of the compass have been tried. But neither the resources nor the reasoning powers of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically goes to work to construct a silken balloon. He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished he does not go off upon the mere supposition that it will carry him, as men often do, but he fastens it to a guy rope, the other end of which he attaches to the island pole upon which he is a prisoner. He then gets into his aerial vehicle, while it is made fast, and tests it to see whether its dimensions are capable of the work of bearing him away. He often finds that he has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it all apart, and constructs it on a larger and better plan. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get in, snap the guy rope, and sail away to land as gracefully and as supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined.—*Sath Green*.

At the recent college examinations the girls were found superior to the boys. We always maintained that the boys were after the girls.

## Katie Mulkerns.

Katie Mulkerns, of whose life-saving deeds the *Courier-Journal* treated several days ago, ought to have a medal; or, better still, she ought to have a substantial testimonial from those who appreciate her courage and modesty. The feats of this young Grace Darling have not been accomplished with boat and oar and on stormy nights about wrecks, but in their way they are just as worthy of reward and of recognition as any others. Her efforts have saved the lives of children, who would otherwise have been at the bottom of the river. A reporter of the *Courier-Journal* went down to learn something about the heroine of the river front.

With John Tully, the Falls hero, as a guide, the reporter was led to a two-story brick tenement, setting back from Fifth street, near the river. This was the home of the heroine. She was found in the kitchen, and very graciously submitted to an interview from the reporter. She is very modest in speaking of her heroic acts, and indeed did not seem to think she had done anything out of the usual routine of her duty. She smiled, however, when the reporter spoke of a medal, and thought it would be very nice to have one. She is about fifteen years of age, with a neat little figure not above the ordinary height of one of her years. She is modest in her demeanor and rather a sweet face, with regular features, large, black eyes, dark, wavy hair, and pearly teeth, and a fine, intelligent expression.

The period of her life when she was only a space of time that she has eight little boys and girls, fallen into the river. Within a week she rescued two. Last Friday evening a little girl fell off a pole into the river, and she waded in and pulled her ashore. Saturday afternoon a little boy was standing on a large catching at drift-wood, when he fell in. Katie heard his screams, and, rushing to the place, caught him by the hair as he bobbed up through the drift. Summer before last she saved three lives and last summer three more.

Brave little Katie has the picture of Grace Darling and had heard of her deeds of bravery, but in saving the lives of the children she never thought she was emulating the deeds of the heroine. She has not yet acquired the art of swimming, and when asked if she could row a boat, blushing replied that she could with one oar. Katie should have a medal.

## In a Siberian Prison.

A political offender gives an interesting account of his exile in Siberia: When we were locked up for the night, our cell suddenly assumed a more home-like and comfortable aspect. Night is the only time when a convict feels at home in his prison. During the day he is always on the alert, always expecting a sudden irruption, an unwelcome visit from the officers on duty. But as soon as the doors were locked everybody sat down quietly in his own place, and almost every one got out some work. The room was suddenly lighted up, as each man had his own candle and candlestick, the latter being frequently made of wood. The air grew worse as the night advanced. In one corner a group of men squatted around a small piece of carpet which served as a card table. There is in almost every cell a convict who is the fortunate owner of a square bit of carpet, a candle, and a pack of horribly greasy cards, all of which articles are designated collectively by the name of "maiden." A maiden is let for the night for fifteen copecks. The men always gambled high, each player laying down before him a handful of copper coins, and never leaving the game till he had either won or lost everything. One of the poorest of the prisoners was employed as sentinel, and mounted guard in the passage, ready to give the alarm to the gamblers in case the major or one of the officers on duty should come in. Not unfrequently the poor fellow had to stand for six or seven hours on a bitter cold winter night in a dark passage, listening attentively to each noise, or sound from without, for sometimes the major caught sight of the candles from outside, and burst into the prison like a whirlwind. In such cases it would have been too late to put out the candles, hide the maiden, and pretend to be asleep. However, as a negligent sentinel was always cruelly beaten by the irate players, such interruptions were comparatively rare. These card parties frequently lasted all night.

It was the opinion of the astronomer Kepler that the celestial spaces were as full of comets as the sea is of fishes.

The latest novelty in canned goods is "P-r-ages," it is thought they will keep into ivory.